

The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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The Winchester Appeal

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Female Heroism.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, in a letter dated Natchez, on the 19th of August, 1825, gives the following account of a transaction which occurred twelve or fifteen years ago in Indiana, soon after the first settlement of that country by the whites. The writer states that the story was related to him a short time since by one of the parties concerned. William and Mary, the persons here alluded to, were a young farmer and his wife, who were very pleasantly situated on a fine farm, and with three beautiful children, were in the enjoyment of blessings which rarely fall to the lot of the settlers of a new country.

"In this situation," says the account, "matters stood at the memorable battle of Tippecanoe, when the whole frontier, and indeed the whole State was thrown into commotion and alarm. Many depredations and massacres were committed by the Indians, and some deeds of dreadful note were done, which never could be satisfactorily accounted for. The brave and humane General Harrison, who commanded at that time, had erected in various parts of the State what were termed lines of block houses, in which were posted detached parties of soldiers and militia, who acted as picket guards to the frontier inhabitants; they also served for a line of communication from post to post, and as a place of refuge for the weak and defenceless from the approach of an enemy. One of these lines of block houses extended through the settlement in which William lived, and most of the inhabitants had taken shelter within their walls. He, however, from some cause or other, had neglected so to do, as well as one of his nearest neighbors. One morning William had taken his rifle and gone some miles on business, promising to return home as early in the evening as possible. He had not been gone more than an hour, when Mary, who was a few rods from the house with her children, was alarmed by the sudden and horrid yell of the savages—two of them at the same time appearing in the skirts of a wood, a few hundred yards distant. She instantly caught up the two children that were nearest her, and fled to the house; having placed them within the door, she was returning for the other, when she saw with agony that one of the Indians had already seized up her hapless child while the other was making toward the house with lengthened strides, terrific yells, and uplifted tomahawk. 'What was to be done?' There was no alternative, and she retreated precipitately within, and scarce a moment left to secure the door on the inside with a wooden bar, when the Indian was at it, endeavoring to force it open; but finding it much better secured than he had anticipated, he began to utter the most horrid execrations, and called his companion to his assistance. They both seemed to talk the English language perfectly, which

not a little surprised Mary. They made various efforts to force open the door, all the while uttering the most dreadful threats, that if she did not open it and let them in, they would murder her child, and then burn down the house over her head. Alas, poor Mary! she knew but too well that death was her portion, and persisted in keeping the door barred. They at length became desperate, finding themselves much foiled, and actually dashed the child's brains out against a tree that stood before the house, while the mother was looking through a small opening between the logs of the building. A darkness came over her eyes, her heart ceased to beat for a moment, and she sank upon her knees, for she could support herself no longer, and had almost fainted. She, however, soon rallied her faculties, offered up a fervent ejaculation to that Omnipotent Being who is all powerful to save and arose. Her first thought was to conceal her children, open the door, and give herself up as a sacrifice to their vengeance, in hopes that her offspring might possibly be saved. This idea, however vain it might appear, was prevented from being put into execution, by one of the Indians exclaiming that he would come down the chimney. The Indian who had murdered the child had ascended the corner of the house by means of the projecting ends of the logs, and commenced descending the chimney. In this extremity, Mary had given up all for lost; she was stooping to embrace her children, as she believed for the last time, when she thought of her straw bed. She immediately flew to it with the strength of an Amazon, tore open the ticking, and threw its contents upon the fire. A full column of blaze and smoke ascended the chimney, while the murderous wretch was about midway between the top and bottom, and could neither ascend nor descend to extricate himself, before he had drawn into his lungs that fiery draft, which instantly suffocated him to death. He fell into the fire, and rolled upon the hearth a black and lifeless corpse; it now seemed as if the whole energy of Mary's mind had burst upon her; she caught up the tomahawk, which he still held in his 'death grasp,' and went deliberately and opened the door. The Indian on the outside, thinking it was his comrade, entered entirely off his guard, when the tomahawk of his accomplice was buried in the back of his head, and he fell dead on the floor. Mary instantly took her two remaining children in her arms, and fled to the nearest neighbor, and gave the alarm. The woman of the house seemed much agitated, and said her husband had gone out about half an hour before. She then proceeded on to another settler's, about a mile farther, and told what she had done. Three or four men who happened to be there at the time, caught up their rifles, and proceeded immediately to William's residence, when on examination it was found that these wretches than savage monsters were not Indians but white men! and that one of them was William's nearest neighbor, the owner of the house to which Mary had first fled for protection. It would seem, that knowing William was possessed of a few hundred dollars, he, in company with another wretch, who had been but a few weeks in the settlement, formed the horrid design of murdering the whole family in the disguise of Indians, and possessing themselves of the money. But a merciful God prevented them from entirely accomplishing their object."

A letter from Washington says that Mr. Banks dances better than Mr. Campbell. Mr. B. has had more practice—he once taught the art.

He who buys too many superfluities may be obliged to sell his necessities.

It is a fair step towards happiness to delight in the conversation of good and wise men; where that cannot be, the next point is to keep no company at all.

There is no occasion to trample upon the meanest reptile, nor to sneak to the greatest prince. Insolence and baseness are equally unmanly.

A wag wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

Rubies and babies are the emblems of love especially the babies.

Live for Something.

The smallest insect in creation has its appointed work to do. The atom that floats before us—the softest zephyr, the faintest ray of reflected light, each has its separate portion of labor. They all exist for a purpose—either for good or evil. Seeing this, as even untrained eyes and uncultivated intellect must, how culpable are we if we have no aim before us! if we listlessly arise and move around and vegetate or worse, if we spend the time God has given us to improve, in soulless pleasure or contaminating action. We may be poor, persecuted, sick, chained to adverse influences, but no circumstances can absolve us from a work to do. We may be blind, deaf, crippled,—He who permitted our adversity, gives us our appointed path and the light to walk therein. We may be Bunyan's, shut up prison, our limits circumscribed, our movements clogged, but as far as we have capacity, we can all write pilgrimages. They may be written in patient endurance of suffering, in holy trust under the darkness of affliction. They may be written in penitential tears, and transcribed by angels into the books of heaven.

And the work we do. What shall it be—for good or for evil? Shall we exalt, or drag down?—bless, or curse?—build up, or destroy? One or the other we must be pursuing. Our every look, thought and action is reflected in a pure or pernicious influence by the mind revolving around our sphere. Momentous power thus to choose or reject!

A work to do! You are not accepted, woman of fashion, nor you gold-worshipping man. Through the walls of adamant built up around your soul—through the thick drapery of selfishness, folded over and over your hearts, that voice of the Eternal will penetrate, 'Live for something.' The very heaven that bends blue above you—the very earth beneath your careless tread—the flowers of humanity that bloom along your pathway the weeds that wither under your loathing glance—the yearning of your own immortal spirit, that cannot be suppressed—the voice within you that can not be silenced—all tell you of that work to do. How beautiful your lives might be made, ye who have power; do ye ever think of it? Look back along the life you have traveled; have you built any little temples where simple goodness may worship? Have you planted here and there a tree that will live when you are gone, and yield fruit that as it is plucked, will call forth sweet memories of your sojourn here? Have you making your name a household word, or have you been living but to build houses and buy merchandise, and erect an altar and a temple and a monument to corrupt and vanishing away? How are you to answer these questions when you stand up before the Omnipotent? Not then with a laugh or sneer, or a cold marble face, for the thousands of opportunities that you have murdered, will rise up in that hour to condemn you.

He who goes to bed in anger, has the devil for his bedfellow. A wag desires us to say that he knows a married man, who though he goes to bed meek and gentle as a lamb, is in the same predicament.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure, no quack medicine!

It is said the senate has confirmed the nomination of ex-Governor Bigler, of California, to be United States minister resident at Stockholm.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him—

'Which way did the stairs run?'

The witness, who, by the way, is a noted wag, replied—

'One way they run up stairs, but the other way they run down stairs.'

The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

A traveler domiciling at a hotel, exclaimed one morning to the waiter: 'What are you about, you black rascal? You have roused me twice from my sleep by telling me breakfast is ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the bed-clothes. What do you mean?'

'Why,' replied Pompey, 'if you isn't a going to get up, I must have the sheet anyhow, 'cause dey'r waiting for de table cloth.'

MOONLIGHT.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush

Wroth, as if kissing were a sin
Amidst the Argus eyes and dim
And tell-tale glare of noon,
Brings but a murmur and a blush
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone—never to come back,
When love returned entranced me so,
That still its pictures move and glow
In the dark chamber of my heart;
Leave not my memory's future track—
I will not let you part.

'Twas moonlight, when my earliest love
First on my bosom dropped her head;
A moment then concentrated
The bliss of years, as if the spheres
Their course had faster driven,
And carried Enoch-like above,
A living man to Heaven!

'Tis by the rolling moon we measure,
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light

The fruit of bliss—the pledge of faith;
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The Moon's the Earth's enamored bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges:

Though, crossed by him, sometimes
she dips

Her light, in short offended pride,
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her shewn;

'Tis only when the Moon's above
The fire-fly kindles into love.

And flashes light to show it:

The nightingale salutes her Queen
Of Heaven, her heavenly poet.

Then say that love—by moonlight gloom
Meet at my grave, and plight regard.

Oh! could I be the Orphan bard
Of whom I am reported,

That nightingales sung o'er his tomb,
Whilst lovers came and courted.

A Gentle Hint.—A country parson, who was not ever promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock and asked him the loan of a dollar.

'Certainly,' said the man handing over the coin.

Domine put it in his pocket and preached his sermon in capital style and on coming down handed the identical dollar to the man from whom he borrowed it.

'Why,' exclaimed the leader, 'you have not used the money at all.'

'It has been of great service to me, nevertheless,' replied the parson. 'I always preach so much better when I have money in pocket.'

The hint was taken and the balance of his salary made out next day.

A physician passing by a stone-mason's shop, bawled out—'Good morning, Mr. D.! Hard at work, I see.—You finish your grave-stones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?'

'Why, yes,' replied the old man; 'unless somebody's sick, and you are doctoring him—then I keep right on.'

Vicious company is as dangerous as an infectious and contagious distemper, and therefore ought to be carefully and industriously avoided.

Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of colic. In the midst of his most acute bodily pain after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him—'Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are a dying.'

Words are little things; but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fifty spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the fertilizing rain—but when unflitting, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest.

The party of men who left Charleston for Kansas, some time since arrived at St. Louis on the 14th inst., and left on the 17th for Kansas. About the same time a body of Tennesseans, with about twenty-five slaves, arrived at St. Louis, from Nashville, destined also for Kansas.

The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have.

Pride is said to be a flower that grows in the devil's garden.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

The Erie Letter and Gen. Pierce's Antecedents.

The Pierce papers South are re-publishing, for the thousandth time, Mr. Fillmore's Erie letter of '33, to show his anti-slavery leanings at that date. To reach this stale document, the 'spoilsmen' have to travel through the sound and truly national administration of Mr. Fillmore, which practically defeats the object sought to be accomplished by the re-production of this letter before the public. If they insist, however, in 'keeping this document before the people,' we would suggest as an appropriate accompaniment, a few extracts of a later date from President Pierce's speeches upon the slavery question. We don't see the consistency in parading the one before the public when they studiously suppress the other.

The New Hampshire Patriot the mouth-piece of Gen. Pierce, reports him as using the following language in a public speech made in Concord, N. H., in June, 1845:

'He had only to say now, what he had always said, that he regarded slavery as one of the greatest moral and social evils—a curse upon the whole country, and this he believed to be the sentiment of all men of all parties at the North.'

'Mr. P. was free to admit, that he had himself approached this subject of annexation (of Texas) with all its prejudices and prepossession against it, and on one ground alone, its slavery feature. His convictions on this subject were, as he had stated, strong—not the result of any new light—

'No, but deeply fixed and abiding. The only difference in his mind ever had been a recognition by any new act of our government of the institution of domestic slavery, and he had found it extremely difficult to bring his mind to a condition impartially to weigh the argument for and against the measure.'

Again, Gen. Pierce was a member of a Constitutional Convention at Concord, N. H., as late as 1851, when the same paper quotes him as follows:

'I would take the ground of the non-extension of slavery—that slavery should not become stronger—but Congress have only re-enacted the old law of 1793. Union-loving men, desiring peace and loving their country, conceded that point—unwillingly conceded it, and planting themselves upon this law against the outbursts of popular feeling, resisted the agitation which is assaulting all who stand up for their country. But the gentleman says the law is obnoxious. What single thing is there connected with slavery that is not obnoxious? Even the gentleman from Marlboro (Dr. Batchelder) cannot feel more deeply than I do on this subject.'—North Am. Times.

'For Mother's Sake.'—A father and son were fishing near New York city, a few days since. The boat was suddenly capsized, and they were thrown into the water. The father, who was not an expert swimmer, while his son could not swim at all, at once commenced to aid the lad. He, seeing that his father was becoming exhausted, calmly said to him,

'Never mind me; save yourself for mother's sake.'

God bless that boy, and God be thanked that both were rescued from the peril in which they were involved.

'For mother's sake.' There spoke a true son and a true hero. He knew that his tender years ill fitted him to support and sustain her—that if his father perished she might be reduced to want as well as steeped in sorrow—that if the oak fell the ivy would fade and die. So he hid his soul be quiet amid the troubled waters, amid the excitement and apprehension that such a scene must engender, and resolved to die for his mother unless, indeed, some kind hand was stretched forth for his safety and the safety of his father. It was all right because it was done 'for mother's sake.'

North Carolina for Fillmore.—A very large and enthusiastic meeting of the friends of Fillmore and Donelson was held at Oxford last week. The meeting was addressed by the Hon. William A. Graham, Edwin G. Reade and Sion H. Rogers. The Raleigh Register says: 'Throughout the State the nominations are received with like rejoicing. We knew before that Mr. Fillmore had a strong hold upon the people of North Carolina, but we were not aware of the extent to which he possessed their confidence and esteem.'

Be Cheerful.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, 'Your countenance is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look.' A cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies could not take away from him; There are some persons who spend their lives in the world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining, from day to day that they have so little and are constantly anxious, lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always on the dark side, and never can enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road, but buzzes on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

Adolphus Gets Inspired.—'Dearest, I will build thee a cot all covered with ivy, in some secluded vale close by a purling brook, meandering over its pebbled bottom, incessantly babbling in dulcet, tinkling strains. 'Love, love, love,' where the atmosphere is redolent of soothing, spicy aromas, that make the eyes languish and the heart dissolve in the liquid fires of love—where the balmy morning zephyrs sigh in the dense forest's leafy maze, chanting love's melody—where tiny songsters that whirl in ethereal space warble naught but love. I will plant thee a garden of gorgeous loveliness, culled from nature's most ardent designs, warmest tints, and sweet-smelling incense.'

'Dolphy, dear, don't forget to leave a patch for cucumbers and inguns—they're so nice to pickle.'

The Cash System—How it Works.

—Under this caption, one of our best Pennsylvania exchanges, the Waterford Dispatch, has a very sensible article as to the result of publishing a newspaper on the Credit and Cash systems. The publisher of the Dispatch has tried both plans and the following is his experience:

'In the publication of this paper we have tried three years upon the credit basis and know that we have suffered from it. With a list of 2,000 subscribers we ended our third year. At the commencement of the fourth year we adopted the cash system and crased from our books the names of all these who were then in arrears, and after this was done we had 1,500! Had we commenced in the first place under this system, we would never lost a subscriber—but in these days people get their back up when asked to pay the printer. Our revised list has maintained its standard of 1,500 cash paying subscribers, and is gradually on the increase, and others will find it to work just as well should they adopt it. It is suicidal policy for any man to undertake the publication of a newspaper on the credit system—if it does not ruin him in a year or two—it will do so eventually. We give our experience and trust that no delay will be made by our brethren to adopt the cash system—until they do so, they need not expect a healthy state of affairs in their business.'

Pretty Women.—Of all other views, a man may, in time, grow tired, but in the countenance of woman there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance.

It is less pain to learn in youth, than to be ignorant in old age.

When you go into company, lay aside all sharp and morose humors, and be pleasant, which will make you acceptable, and the better effect your end.

A keeper of a doggerly in Geelong, advertising his establishment, thus concludes: 'Those of my friends who may require it shall be sent home on a wheelbarrow gratis.'